

WANTED



DEAD OR ALIVE

DEAD OR ALIVE

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WINDSOR, England (P)—A massive drinking bout killed rock star John Bonham, drummer for the Led Zeppelin rock band, a coroner's court ruled here Tuesday.

Bonham, 32, died from inhaling vomit after drinking about 40 shots of vodka in 12 hours, the coroner's inquest was told.

Coroner Robert Wilson recorded a verdict of accidental death.

Led Zeppelin guitarist Jimmy Page testified that Bonham turned up "pretty tipsy" for rehearsals at a Windsor recording studio.

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Bonham's personal assistant, Rex King, said he and Page's assistant had to put Bonham to bed after he "dozed off."

Witnesses described how Bonham began drinking quadruple vodkas in a bar at noon, had more in the studio and continued drinking large vodkas in Page's home until midnight.

Page said it was difficult to tell if Bonham was drunk because he was so used to drinking.

Bonham, who was a co-founder of the band 12 years ago, earned about 4 million pounds (\$9.6 million) a year with Led Zeppelin, one of the world's most popular "heavy metal" rock groups.

H1. What's new? Besides Shogun, that is, and the newly revived interest in Japanese culture. Bamboo-Head is sure to profit somewhere down the line. It seems that television is entering a new era, so they say, with all these programs tackling topics aside the old tits-and-asss, happy days (Aaieeem sshe happee), white-cops and black-robbers, and all those disgusting rich people that nobody cares about. Who knows maybe one day they'll even get real heavy & do a retrospective on that punk exposion/implosion which happened so many years back. I'm still not even sure just what really happened. It'd be good show. No doubt about it. But don't hold your breath, the way I type, you may turn funny shades of people before nothing happened. So let us skip the past and get down to Issue #5 here which deals with the new punk-movement/the second wave/or whatever-you-want-to-kill-it-with. It exists, it don't want to die. It won't. And seeings that most humans out there don't know much beyond what radio tells us, I feel it's my God-given, patriotic duty to spread the word lest we all sink as one ignorant boat-people. This new-punk wave is real cool and it looks like it might even stick around long enough for you to catch on. These groups have more to do with the Clash and Sex Pistols than they do with Gary Numan and computers. They bear names like UXA, Stiff Little Fingers, Discharge, Cockney Rejects, Angelic Upstarts, and on and on. It is the modern sound. All is reduced to a point of clarity and exactness. No hokum, none of this beating around the bushit. Lots of hate and hostility but that's only human and you don't change things by beating em with flowers anyway. It's fast music. Life is fast. It's tough music. You've got to be. It's aware music. There's no other way. And it should be your music. Billy Joel doesn't care about you, only your money. Much of this issue is devoted to the groups of this second coming so that we may better understand, and possibly (hopefully) accept the need to abolish Van Halen. Led Zeppelin is just a shove away. You'll see. I saw all the Van Halen, Queen, weenie-rock traitors flocking to see the B-52s. Be NEW-WAVE. It's a start, at least. But before I go on, I want to thank Marc Rude for letting me borrow all those great records (even though I give thanks elsewhere) which I'm only still learning about; the Nutrons for being the only band doing this in SD; BT for being consistently unmoving; and Brother Kirk for the conflict. Clayton.



Bamboo-Head No.5 October 1980
by Clayton Colgin/Concert Kid Productions
C. 1980 Bamboo-Head
1135 Hemlock Ave. Imperial Beach 92032

ISSUE 5 IS DEDICATED TO ALL THE
VOTERS OF AMERICA, IN WHOSE HANDS
LIE THE DESTINY OF OUR NATION AND
THE DESTINY OF OUR PLANET.



Not to want to find myself putting down a dead man but it seems only appropriate that John Bonham would end his life in such a wasteful & lowly manner. Obviously, the man could find no positive meaning in his life other than in drink. I don't want to get into the question of whether there is a God because even aesthetes and existentialists can find purpose if they so choose to, even without believing in a ruling life force. The man beat skins for a group that gained much more recognition than it ever deserved to, he made about \$9,000,000 more a year than he deserved to (just think what Page makes with song-writing royalties!), and he died one drunkenly unhappy death. But the Led Zeppelin institution will acquire some other bloke to beat those skins in the name of money. You can count on it. In the game they're playing, one person is not necessarily irreplaceable regardless of how long he's been with them. The show must go on. The money must roollll in. So much for that. I'm not into crying for the rich. One person that does deserve mention here, even if every paper besides Rolling Stone has already paid homage, is George Scott who just passed away last month via a heroin overdose. Scott played a mean bass-guitar and was a seminal figure in the New York new-wave scene. He appeared at our own Skeleton Club with Lydia Lunch and Eight-Eyed Spy, in what was probably the best show that night-spot had ever seen. I blame Lydia for having recorded her solo lp without George and 8-Eyed Spy, just as she should be kicking her own head for that one. It is also a shame that Scott had died before his new group, the Raybeats, hit the studio to do their debut album. According to certain sources that I trust dearly, the Raybeats were the best unrecorded group from NYC. So it goes. This is one loss I'll live with that I wish I didn't have to. You can find George Scott on the first Contortions album, the first James White and the Blacks lp, and John Cale's SABOTAGE. What else is there? Oh yeah, it seems that SD has a new fanzine on its hands called PUNK DUCK which I suspect is the doing of one Bryin Abraham. I haven't actually seen a copy but I understand that there's a ~~connection~~ with ~~them~~ so I guess that says something about it. As far as this rag goes, it is more or less one dismal financial failure, not that I'm out to make a buck off the thing but it would be nice to make A buck for my efforts. One copy costs 50¢ to print (20pps.) so I really make nothing even when you consider ad-revenues because that all goes towards gas, postage, etc. But I'm here nonetheless for you to hold, embrace, ridicule, loathe, and laud so don't bitch. In fact, if you want to help out, send me whatever empty aluminum cans, recyclable bottles, paper, or scrap-metal (junk cars) you might have on hand. No pipe-bombs please. Or of course, if you so happen to have been born into the upper-classes, just send money. Ciao. Clayton

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IN *PACIFIC BEACH*...
BUT IF THAT'S NOT YOUR
CUP OF ROBERT FRIPP, YOU
CAN ALSO FIND NEW LPs
(AND GOOD USED ONES^{TOO}) BY
THE **IB-52s**, POLICE,
Elvis Costello, SPECIALS,
Bruce Springsteen, *TALKING*
HEADS, PLASMATICS, AND
LOTS MORE. SO MOVE! AND
TELL LARRY^{THAT} BAMBOO-
HEAD SENT YOU.

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DESIGN BY DEGREE

T.V. REALITY/NEWS NO MORE/A PUNK PRAYER

God help me. Mother forgive me. I want to be positive. I want to be happy. Lord knows I've tried. But damn it, it's hard sometimes. You know with all the ignorance that abounds and all the lies that that ignorance feeds off of. It's everywhere. It's in my house and it's right next door. There's nothing I can do to change it. I can only express how I wish I could.

Tonight it hit me. Again. But real hard, like an ice-block to the face. I watched the news tonight, oh boy. The news. The truth. No bias. Just news. You watch it. You listen to it. Listen to what the man says. Doesn't he look nice. Doesn't he look honest. Nice hair. Nice smile. Clean shave. A good dresser. (Where did he get that suit?)

The man is payed. He has nothing to say. He says what he says so that his boss can pay him what he pays. He has a good job. He has an easy job. Just read straight and don't show late. And don't blink your eyes too much. And don't touch your face.

News. News. What it is. What is it tonight? What to say to the common folk? What to say to the average man? The world is fine and don't touch what's mine. The world is mine and don't touch what's fine. Drug bust. The people want to know. Let's give em a show. P.T. Barnum said it. A sucker's born every minute.

D'ya catch the news? Did the Chargers really lose?

More sports in a minute after this station break. Now for a word from our sponsors.....

Da doo dee dee dum dum da. Da doo dee dee you're so fucking dumb.

Now more news. More news now. News now more. News more now. Jews know more. There's so much trouble in the world. So much trouble they don't want you to know. Put it into one clean, organized show. Show the folks how the world spins around. Round and around while the politicians clown. Laugh at senators and be ashamed of Carter. A president's a president. You can't take it any farther.

The latest survey shows Reagan in the lead by 9½%. Kiss his feet and he'll make you blind. And since you're blind, to you he will be kind. But not to my kind. Oh no. Not to that kind.

So what am I trying to say? you say. (That's about all you can ever say.)

Lend me an ear and I'll sing you a song and I'll try not to sing out of key.....

I saw a show on the tube tonight, a show like all shows, the kind one sees on TV. News item 1. News item 2. News item 3. And so on. Then at one point, Navy wife bitch comes on the screen. BITCH. BITCH. BITCH. My husband became a prisoner of (Viet Nam) war 15 years ago and I haven't heard from him ever since. So she cans Carter, Peanut-farm pastor President Carter, who was selling peanut-oil and state legislation (D-Georgia) when Lyndon Johnson was what was the matter.

You can only see that she doesn't see there's no hope in hanging onto a ghost. What she don't realize is that a swab is a swab and that kind don't really matter. Next batter up.

This is the pisser: An earthquake lasting 30 seconds levels a city in Algeria. Twenty-thousand people die. And Ms. American Navy Bitch comes first. Kids, parents, brothers, sisters, grandparents, friends, farmers, doctors, policemen, bakers, mailmen, carpenters, lawyers, soldiers, rebels, bankers, pregnant mothers, teachers, preachers, prophets, and drunks all die together in 30 seconds of hell on Earth. And Ms. American Navy Bitch comes first. All at once, the earth moves, buildings crumble, pin folk to their deaths. Heads crushed, limbs severed, bodies mangled under architecture. Some take hours to die. No hope. The rubble is heavy and the human (Algerian) weak. And Ms. American Navy Bitch comes first.

BITCH BITCH BITCH BITCH BITCH BITCH BITCH BITCH

Next up: Police find boy with shotgun suspected in shooting of San Diego.....
TV Reality: Did you hear anyone scream? D'ya see the news? Did the Padres really lose?

you need

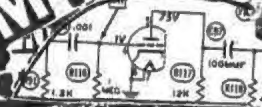


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FRIENDS

RAY OLSON

INTERVIEW WITH X

Q Why did Ranking J's interview with you in New York Rocker come out in the September issue when it obviously took place before Easter? Is this another case of New York turning its back on the L.A. scene?

EXENE - I used to hate New York Rocker magazine. I used to think it was a big crap. A crappy magazine. And it was. I think it's getting a lot better and when we were in New York, we met the people and stuff and I think it's getting a little hip. And the thing with Jeffrey's article is that it took him a long time to write it, edit it down, send it, then they okayed it, and the next issue came out and it was too late. A magazine like that is not like this fanzine. You can go out and print this tomorrow. I mean for them it takes a while to get the advertising. You can type this up tonight, stay up all night and take a black beauty and xerox it tomorrow. I don't think it was anything weird. It just takes a while sometimes.

Q When is the Spanish version single of "Los Angeles" coming out?

EXENE - Well, I don't think it'll come out for awhile because we're gonna do a single, "White Girl" and "Your Phone Is Off The Hook". We don't have much money so we're gonna record a new song which'll be on the second album, take a song off the first album cause our record company's only going to make four cents for every single sold. And to re-record "Los Angeles" on it with new vocals, we'd lose money on every single sold so we can't. We're too small. We will, someday. Maybe on the next album.

Q How did you feel about playing the 1st URGH? - the place was never more crowded than when you were onstage. It was probably one of the biggest crowds you've ever played in front of.

EXENE - What I felt about it was on October 11th, we're headlining the Santa Monica Civic with the Blasters (Exene's favorite group... ed.) and the Gears playing with us. So I guess it was a good deal, y' know. I don't know.

Q Have you heard whether SLASH is indeed going to resume doing its thing?

EXENE - They just finished the last issue of the magazine. Just for one more issue. It'll be over a hundred pages.

Q Is SLASH going to continue producing albums?

EXENE - Um, oh yeah, SLASH Records is doing better than ever. They're doing great.

Q I'm gonna skip on the next question. EXENE - No, go ahead. Q It's sort of stupid and... EXENE - Well... Q O.K. Your new material seems to utilize some more complex rhythms, time signatures, what-not - definitely a progression of a natural sort but were there any other factors or artists which influenced this? Specifically the song "We're Desperate".

EXENE - That's a real, real old song though. See, that's the weird thing though, it's like we have lots of influences but they're always the same ones. It's just that you listen to Phil Ochs for awhile and then you go back and listen to the early blues records. So, right now I think our new stuff is going to be a lot more simple, more like the Blasters' type stuff. More straight-ahead, country, blues, and stuff like that. We just change around, y' know.

Q Have you been invited to play at L.A.'s 200th birthday art festival?

EXENE - No, surprisingly not. Q Maybe for their 300th birthday?

EXENE - I hope not. I don't wanna be around that long.

Q When is your next lp scheduled to be released and who's producing?

EXENE - Ray (ex-Doors, Manzarek, for all you ignorant B-Heads... ed.) Our single is coming out in October or November. The album is coming out in December or January and Ray's producing them both. But he's not gonna play on the stuff.

Q Will X always be a punk-band?

Q How do you like San Diego?

Q - How many times have you played here?

9 How much will I have to pay to see X the next time they come down?

more than that.



page 6

CONCERTS

The UNKNOWNNS

La Jolla High School

September 19

Well, the morons on the school dance-committee finally got a band to play at lunch that wasn't heavy-metal garbage. The Unknownns played great material with their usual wonderful intensity. But then, THEY just had to interrupt this excellence with the biggest organized display of lemming stupidity on Earth. That's right, a pep-rally with boring cheer-leaders, mongoloid football players, and all that trash. (Sounds like heavy-metal....ed.) Any school that pulls a stunt like that deserves to lose every football game for the next decade, and I hope they do. I mean, the Unknownns weren't even payed, so all I can say is, "Sorry guys, I know the administration is a bunch of air-heads, but there's lots of kids who really liked you and we appreciate your going through the BS they gave you." (Editor's note: Hey! You didn't tell me you were still in school! That's it! You're probably not even old enough to drink or even sit in the Bachannal! You're fired kid! Your check'll be waiting at the office. Sheesh! You're probably not even old enough to defend your country! Out! Get out!) xP.K.x

Dinettes / Nutrons / Claude Coma and the IVs / Jimmy's Missing

October 1

Spirit Club

Jimmy's Missing fared well on this Wednesday night -- their first public appearance and without pay at that. The band churned-out interesting little rhythms, never polished but never boring, while the singer (who could've been their dad) raged in various peculiar ways, but mostly at his band with his back turned towards the crowd. *Next time, look at us so that we might at least try to lip-read what's being said. But don't stop now, I know you can't hate us yet.

Claude Coma and the IVs proved to be a classic example of what a band can do with lots of practice. The last time i saw Claude perform I couldn't say a thing about the show (Claude's a nice guy and you know how it is) but he and his IVs, if no more a serious outfit than the last time, are one that sure puts the word "fun" back into the local club circuit, and I don't mean girls, skateboards, mechanical bulls, and sniffing dirty socks, mind you. Claude puts down everything from the word go and somehow, through his showy but nonchalant attitude, ends up putting himself down, too. And so not even Claude himself is exempt from his own cruelty. He takes his place right next to "Suzy Slut", Sheriff John Duffy, and minimum wage, all in the name of art and good times. The band opened Claudeless as a four-piece, sporting their new keyboardist, but by mid-show had managed to transform themselves into a 9-member band. I wasn't sure if this was the newly-expanded Talking Heads or what but there was no question in my mind as to whether I was enjoying this fiasco. I was.

So what does one say about the Nutrons? They just sort of like blow-apart anyplace they play and the energy level is so extreme, most people don't even know what to do with it. A handful of us danced and shook about furiously (there's no choice involved), making sure not to tarnish the Trons' rep by destroying anything, while most sat-back and watched, drunk and amazed, I'm sure. So moved was the Kid that I couldn't help but grab Chris' vacant mike and join in on the Angelic Upstarts' "Never Had Nothing" while Chris and Dave thrashed on their guitars on the dance-floor. If this wasn't a fun time, it was certainly exalting and cathartic like all good-punk should be. But it was a fun time. The Nutrons are in your town and they mean business so don't wait for the kids at Kicks to tell you how cool/uncool they are because they won't. They couldn't.

The Dinettes, one of San Diego's oldest new-wave acts, are either just getting old or have been hanging-out in Texas too long, I don't know which. The music has lost much of its power, the songs sounding like diluted new-wave bar-music, there being no real sense of direction nor any hooks to lean into. Time changes inappropriate, out of place, and all too frequent. What these girls have going for them in musicianship just can't hide the fact that their material lacks - what it takes to move an audience nowadays. The audience was politely sauced nonetheless. C.C.

B-52s / Penetrators

Golden Hall

October 6

Despite the ridiculous ticket price of \$9.50 and the abundance of heavy-metal surf-wimps in the audience, this was a pretty good show. (Is that a PRETTY GOOD show or just a pretty good show?....ed.) The Pens opened with their best gig in several months. Most excellent was a newer track, "Take This Heart", with Jim Call's much-appreciated saxophone-work. Hope they play more non-age limit gigs.

The upstaged B-52s could use a large dose of stage presence and a better live sound, but for the most part they were enjoyable. A few numbers didn't work out at all though most did. Still, they are better than most American bands and "Private Idaho" is better than most of the trash now appearing on your FM dial. Next time, a stronger sound and a more reasonable price should clear up most problems.

XxPAUL KAUFMANxX

I'd never say that DFX2 is a joke-band or anything like that but the whole big-banner trip seems a bit pompous, if not merely pretentious. I could see it if they were playing Tiajuana and no one knew who they were. But hey, we know who you are so enough of the advertising while you're playing. Nonetheless, I can't figure out if these guys are boringly predictable or just predictably boring. Not that I'm suggesting that people avoid this band the way flies avoid Shell No-Pest Strips, but don't go out of your way to see them. DFX2 is a bar-band and promoters would do best by letting these guys play where they're loved, appreciated, or can be drunkenly ignored. What do you want me to say? That X sucked? Hell, no way, never! Live, these people cook from the opening cut right up to the end. Unrelenting heavy-metal sonic punk-boogie is how I'm gonna kill it here. There's no reason any of you out there should be rejecting these guys if you haven't seen em live, or haven't at least heard their album. But I understand how some people would rather walk around with their heads up their asses, thinking how it smells so good, instead of letting in a whiff of fresh air just cause big bro radio says no, it does not exist kids, therefore it is not cool (or vice versa). So much for professional criticism. C.C.

The Snails weren't too-well received and it's easy to tell why. What can you say for a semi-joke band that's trying so hard to sound like the American Jam, but instead come off as bad power-pop? I'll give em a few points for their anti-San Diego song, though.

X were Xcellent. Between Billy Zoom's eye-probing statuesque stance, Don Bonebrake's aloof but precise drumming, and the haunting vocals of Exene and John Doe, these guys are INTENSE! New or old, the songs were great. And if any band has that elusive quality known as stage personality, X is the one. Hopefully, X will decide that they need to "get out of Los Angeles" more often, 'cause I can't wait to see them again.

xxxxxxxPaul Kaufmanxxxxxxx

The Lions Club woke up from its usually dormant state to house four bands from LA's beach cities and everyone there seemed glad just to have a reason to show up. These shows are just so few and far between anymore that no one can even afford to be selective about what groups they see. That is if they want to see a show where they can dance and not be the only one on the floor doing it. And you don't even have to be three times seven to get in.

Well, it seems that all the rough boys from LA came down to show Don Diego's surf-hippies how it was done this night. Unfortunately for them, all they encountered were the SD hard-core contingency, which weren't going to let any outsiders play king on their ant-hill, regardless of how rough and ready they thought they were.

Through whatever inexplicable rationale that allows the man to say such things, Steve Esmadina compared these groups to San Diego's Four-Eyes, DFX2, etc! In reality, these bands have less to do with the power-pop tradition than they do with MacDonald's hamburgers and empty beer-cans in parking lots. Headliners Black Flag sported a new singer who was less in command than their previous front-man, taking on the role of spectator more than that of performer. Without question, the action going on in the pit reminded one of a gladiators' free-for-all, but that's no excuse.....but all was cool considering the police never showed. I think the "man" is beginning to understand that it's more to his advantage to just let this punk-rock thing happen. That is, let the punks kill themselves instead of him going in there and ruining our good time and getting a lot of flak for it. Let justice be done. C.C.

~~~~~TELL ME WHY?!?!?!?!~~~~~

It is the contention of this paper that racism, fascism, Nazism, Hitler, and the KKK are all undesirable elements and obstacles in the human progression toward a better world. Enough of the meaningless cliches i.e. Nazi Youth rules. If you want to defend or simply present the skinhead perspective on the matter, here's your chance to see it in print and win a subscription to Bamboo-Head. Send in your pieces, the best one wins. I'm waiting. C.C.

## R E C O R D S

## STIFF LITTLE FINGERS // Inflammable Material

Stiff Little Fingers has got to be my favorite punk-band ever. So even if this disc was released a year ago, and is only available as an import, and may require a decent expenditure on your part to obtain it, I strongly suggest that all you rockers and devotees of the nuu music to go out and get this one or at least make sure you hear it (get somebody on your block to buy this). Songs which'll grab you and shake you and move you just unbelievably. INFLAMMABLE MATERIAL, their lp debut is more pure in its attack than on their (nonetheless) amazing second album, NOBODY'S HEROES, characterized by non-stop, frenetic guitar kineticism, reducing the whole thing to a minimum of chords while maintaining a sureness of melody and hook that betters even the Pistols and the Clash. There's a crisp, raw edge to the production here which befits these angry songs of youthful hostility in an inhospitable world. The group sings and plays hard as they're definitely intent on moving (motivation is the key) you to act on that anger in a positive and consciously applied manner -- not to just there and vegetate nor to go out to rot in the gutter. This is music you're sure to love. So don't let these youth go by unheard. Just listen and you'll know: Stiff Little Fingers. let

## Cockney Rejects // GREATEST HITS VOLUME 1

This is it. The album you've all been waiting for. The album they said couldn't be made. But it was and it's chock full of the Reject's greatest earth-shaking, ear-shattering hits. Those hits include "My Love Does It Best", "It's Still Rock-And-Roll To Me", "Waterloo", "Jamie's Crying", "Dirty White Boy", "Wango Tango" (computer version), "We Live For Love", "Feels Like The First Time" and more. The songs were remastered for this collection and a wild mix on Stinky Turner's vocals cause a few cuts to be almost unrecognizable but you'll be entertained nonetheless. Thank me later. Me what, lie? To you? C'mon.

## Pere Ubu // THE ART OF WALKING

Pere Ubu's fourth album is marked by small victories and minor defeats alike. Whereas Ubu usually walked a thin line between formal rock structures and total chaos, often threatening to let their quirky but incessantly pulsating brand of rock deteriorate into sheer madness, they just sort of let the whole thing drop into a kind of nothingness on more than half of THE ART OF WALKING. There are four great Pere Ubu-standard dance numbers which display a certain refinement on their original small-is-big/industry-smells-funny theme -- "Go", "Misery Goats", "Birdies", "Horses" (in which ex-Red Crayola Mayo Thompson debuts as vocalist on this fine example of Mexican AM Top-40) -- but the rest get bogged down in a quagmire of noise ad-nauseum. Many of the cuts are void of any propulsive quality while others simply lack an immediately tangible handle to grasp onto. Thus alienating those listeners who need/seek/require/love some rhythmic foundation to swing on. So it goes. I love Pere Ubu but this lp is a let-down, minor-key, 98.6 on a scale of infinity... But these guys don't care. Why be monumental when you can be trivial? Be like me. Like me. Me. A custodian.

## LIVE AT THE DEAF CLUB // Assorted Groups

You couldn't exactly say that this record was well-produced or slick or even well-behaved but it does nicely capture the humid essence of the six groups featured here and the place/club/hole at which it all transpired. The lp opens with Frisco's top-ranking punk-ensemble, the Dead Kennedys, and ends with its most highly lauded and analyzed syntho-pop band, Tuxedomoon. The DK's selections are great but they're on too short or, shall we say, they're too to-the-point -- while Tuxedomoon's are less Tux than ever. The Mutants and Pink Section display a certain affinity for electronics, however slightly, but never for beauty and without resorting to the hapless melanges of noise attributed to the art-damage. KGB kicks it out most sincerely with no-sweat-barred and the Offs rock-steady with their heavily horn-oriented, no-nonsense brand of punk-ska. A fair representation of a few of the many groups that played the now-defunct Deaf Club. Sleeve liner-note quote from DC poster: The kids of today have no respect for your promises of a tomorrow.



B-52S // Wild Planet

WILD PLANET shows the B-52s as still being that funny group of guys-n-gals capable of evoking a hearty laugh (or at least a questioning smirk) from any whose ears collide with their stuff. The material here is more evenly directed, more eloquently executed, and most importantly, less overtly silly, campy, and (sometimes even) stupid than last year's debut. There are less weird tendrils hanging off the edges of these songs and more-often-than-not, the band just simply rocks out, at times even sounding downright serious (bet you thought I was gonna say upright, eh). And serious was one thing I thought that they could be but was just never sure if they were serious enough to be it. On WILD PLANET the B-52s no longer make fun of what they're doing or what they are all about. They're just being funny as they do it. So ha ha and step forward step side step two step

BOB MARLEY AND THE WAILERS // Uprising

Lord have mercy, this man don't give up! UPRISING bears no signs of any radical changes in musical approach or political stance for Marley and his Wailers but this album flows along so smoothly it seems as though the whole lp (except for the final track) must've come about in a single night's worth of mad, spontaneous inspiration. The music is lighter than on last year's SURVIVAL lp but is more effective lyrically in that the positive intentions of these politically urgent songs are sublimated by a more melodic and uplifting musical experience. With the strength and conviction displayed here by these dreads and their bruddahs (Burning Spear being the most noteworthy), I'm convinced that this rasta-thing may have more than just a little foundation to it. (It sure isn't the stuff I hear on the radio Sunday mornings!) And even if it's the case that rasta doesn't hold up on its theological level, well, it sure has been responsible for some truly bitchen music. So hah!

THE PENETRATORS // Walk The Beat (ep)

I'm sure all of you have made up your minds about the Penetrators so there's no need for me to go into detail about this. I personally think that these guys really deserve the recognition they're getting and this disc proves that they've got big potential. The songs unfortunately aren't as intense as they are live but they're still good enough for many repeated spins -- especially "Nervous Fingers" and "I.5". Not so much production next time, OK? X P.K.X  
P.S.: With just five tunes on this 12-incher, you can easily see that there's a lot of wasted vinyl here. And since vinyl is a petroleum by-product, you know where that money's going. How terrible would it have been to make this a 10"-disc? (Ed's note: To try to answer that question, it really depends on your perspective. If you're a corporate-exec and want to make more more more, that's a terrible idea, the true ideal being one of giving the public less for more. In that light, Chuck and the Tigers show real potential. Now from the little guys' perspective, it would be a great idea to jam as much onto a piece of vinyl as you could, keeping in mind that you don't start to take away from the music's sound-quality. But as you know, those kind of thoughts just go against the grain of our (lo and behold) economic system of free-enterprise and may the most rabid dog win. Where is solar-power, nuclear-free future, clean air, good radio, honest wealth, humane politics, and punk rock? No good idea is a good idea, today. Got it?)

SID VICIOUS // Sid Vicious

Looking at Sid's picture on this cover, glaring up his unholy nasal passages, one wonders how one of such despicable features (are those the hands of a killer?) could so affect the world around him. Which only goes to show it isn't how you look -- which do girls prefer: Redford or Travolta? -- but how you see things and how you act upon those visions that matter. And of course, you've got to know somebody. And be luckier than hell, also. But who did Sid know? Guess. Johnny Lydon? C'mon. These songs are lousily mastered but they evoke all the poise and grace of 500 OD'd bass-players retching-out past dreams of failure and suicide. And I'm not referring to fast cars and missing the green-light either. SID VICIOUS is a blurred classic only as Sid would have it. "My Way" says it all. Had he not fucked up by mixing romance with tragedy, Sid could've run in Iggy's shoes five years from now but where's the future in that? Not another unanswerable question. Screeeech.

The Germs // THE GERMS

Before they fell out, the Germs had the sharpest teeth in LA. And that meant nobody from anywhere else could even touch the energy that they were plugged into. Most were/are totally unaware that it could even exist on this level. A no-nonsense-whatsoever two-three power-chord assault and Darby Crash's always sneeringly intellectual vocal/lyrical approach made this one of the most hard-core outfits to ever record under the punk banner. Frighteningly invigorating, this stuff'll make your hair stand-on-end, be it spiked or not.

## ELVIS COSTELLO // Taking Liberties

Elvis Costello has had one of the most confusing discographies since Jimi Hendrix and the Beatles. This compilation of various US and UK B-sides and other rare goodies should clear the air for the average non-45 buying American. And it's great stuff, too. Even if you already have some of this, it's still worth it to get what you don't have. And don't despair about having bought those 45s either, cause one day they'll be worth lots of \$\$\$\$\$. (Like have you ever seen what those old 60s singles go for, especially with picture-sleeves?) Outstanding cuts: unreleased demos of "Black And White World" and "Clowntime Is Over". (You mean Elvis still has to do demos for anybody?...ed)

## DAVID BOWIE // Scary Monsters

xxxxxxxPaul Kaufmanxxxxxxx

This is Bowie's best lp since the costumed days of the early 70's, a definite must-have for anyone with even a semblance of intelligence. Themes of alienation and disillusionment run thick and deep throughout -- even the once-valiant Major Tom is revealed to be just a "junkie". But enough of this psychoanalysis. Go out and get this. Besides, if you get tired of all the inner-meanings here, you can still dance to "Fashion", the best anti-disco disco-number since PIL's "Death Disco". xx P.K. xx

## DAVID BOWIE // Scary Monsters

Come now, how does one go about determining which of Bowie's 15+ albums is the best? This certainly has more to do with LOW, HEROES, and LODGER than it does with any work preceding his involvement with Brian Eno. The difference here is in Bowie's realization that his image is larger than his life can really handle. And thus, that it's only safer for him to shield himself behind those costumes which gave him his famous head-aches to begin with. This time the role is scarier than ever. Bowie, the scary monster himself, is ultra-human here, revealing fault upon idiosyncrasy; unveiling guilt and fear and the determination to go on -- in ways which would make any mother wonder. A truly startling level of cynicism undermines the whole of SCARY MONSTERS' lyrics as does a not unexpected level of genius. Where to now, Bo? And when do you stop?

## DEAD KENNEDYS // Fresh Fruit For Rotting Vegetables

The Dead Kennedys are probably the most lyrically volatile group in America today. So whether these guys are dead serious or are just being fatally satirical, their songs of social engineering and problem-solving ("Kill The Poor"), zen-fascism and forced jogging ("California Uber Alles"), or pursuing a military lifestyle ('it's not just a job, it's an adventure!') in apocalyptic southeast-Asia ("Holiday In Cambodia") are bound to inflame one's sensibilities into a wildly raging inferno. The music is hard and fast and purely minimal, challenging if not just unapproachable. A few snide eccentricities rear their heads ("Chemical Warfare" and "Viva Las Vegas") as sort of joking reminders of how little the DKs care about what the public wants. I Having seen the Kennedys three times, I sort of wish punk-intellect/studio-wizz Geza-X had produced this lp so as to provide a more dynamic studio-presence (as opposed to stage-presence, which these kids have) to these numbers. But that's a minor complaint if there ever was one. And speaking of raging infernos, this has got to be the greatest/hottest album-cover of the year, and yes those are cop-cars you see there burning happily away -- probably Watts 1965. Plus there is a swell 2-faced poster of all kinds of wordly imagery, plus unbelievable lyrics, which compensates for the upper-bracket import ticket-price.

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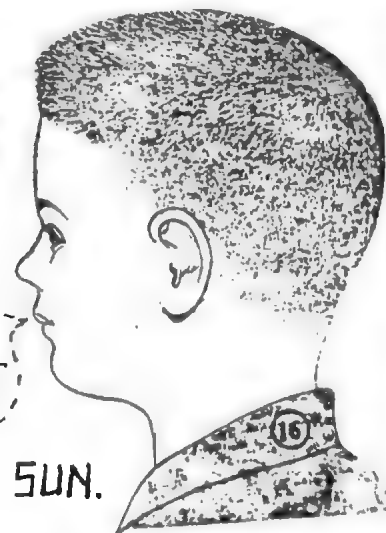
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—Many flower children of the rebellious '60s have gone on to other matters. But two of those who helped lead them, radical Catholic priest **Daniel Berrigan** and his ex-priest brother, **Philip**, are still active. They were arrested again Monday for leading a protest group in a break-in at General Electric's space facility in King of Prussia, Pa., where re-entry systems for Minuteman missiles are assembled. They allegedly banged up two nose cones with hammers and poured blood over blueprints.

**Chicago police** called it "a hell of a world" in which an unborn child is wounded by gunfire. Authorities were referring to a 4-pound, 4-ounce baby boy who was born with two bullet wounds late Monday—two hours after his eight-month pregnant mother was shot in the stomach in a dispute over a bottle of wine. The unnamed baby was in fair condition. The mother, **Margaret Maddox**, 24, was in critical condition. A police spokesman said the bullet "entered her abdomen and went through the baby's right elbow and right thigh."

**WASHINGTON**—The Federal Communications Commission, proposing creation of the first new broadcast service in 20 years, voted Tuesday to let hundreds—and possibly thousands—of new television stations go on the air.

By a 7-0 vote, the commission agreed to allow a new television broadcast service with low-power "mini" stations that could originate an unlimited amount of programming. The proposal will not become final until after a period of public comment.

The action follows earlier commission efforts to deregulate the nation's radio and cable industries and to seek alternatives to the three commercial TV networks.

"A month ago, the commission removed the regulatory weeds of the last decade by freeing the cable industry from regulatory oppression," FCC Chairman **Charles D. Ferris** said. "Today, the commission is planting in their place seed for hundreds of new television stations."

**KTLA** and the entertainment group **Sha Na Na** are supporting Councilwoman **Peggy Stevenson's** campaign to clean up Hollywood graffiti with the production of a series of 30-second public service announcements for television and radio.

"Say it, don't spray it" is the theme of the anti graffiti campaign which uses **Sha Na Na's** "Bowzer" (Jon Bauman) as spokesman. **KTLA** is making the spots available to all television and radio stations in the Los Angeles market.

"Frisbee fever has struck," reported the **Beijing Evening News**, which recommended a game of Frisbee as a "wholesome pastime" for children and good exercise for their elders. The police, however, are not similarly enchanted, mainly because young Frisbee fanatics have commandeered whole neighborhoods and sent their flying saucers whizzing in and out of traffic.

The police have begun to crack down. In a single day last month, they detained 350 wayward Frisbee throwers; 344 were "criticized," the evening newspaper said, and six repeat offenders had to surrender their Frisbees.

After supper, the streets and alleyways of China teem with families tending to chores, fanning restless babies or just talking. The art of conversation may be dead in the West, but it survives in China, where a scarcity of television sets means that people entertain themselves and families still talk to each other.

A woman accused of offering to trade her baby for a used sports car was released on \$10,000 bail in **Flemington, N.J.**, but her husband remained behind bars. **Pamela Green**, 21, of nearby **Frenchtown**, and her husband, **James**, 29, were arrested Sept. 3 as they walked out of an auto dealership with the keys to an \$8,800 car, leaving their 14-month-old son lying on the showroom floor.

**Ethiopia's** leader denounced the arrangement in which the United States was granted the right to use a military base in neighboring **Somalia** and said he might declare war on America if he had the military strength. **Lt. Col. Mengistu Haile Mariam**, addressing visiting foreign journalists in **Addis Ababa**, equated American policy in the region with expansionism by Nazi Germany.

**SAN ANTONIO**—Denouncing what it called Ronald Reagan's "medieval stance on women's issues," the National Organization for Women voted Sunday to picket Reagan and running mate **George Bush** wherever they appear between now and the Nov. 4 election.

The 125,000-member **NOW**, the nation's largest feminist organization, also endorsed the Democratic Party platform as it pertains to women's rights but did not endorse President **Carter's** reelection bid.

**NEW YORK (AP)**—No matter what the season, sports can make learning mathematics more interesting for children, says **Monte Irvin**, member of the Baseball Hall of Fame and national commissioner for the **St. Regis Paper Co. Math Baseball League**.

Some of Irvin's suggestions for youngsters:

—Follow the daily standings of a baseball club and try to calculate the won-and-lost percentage before consulting the next day's paper.

—Figure out a basketball player's scoring, rebound, and assist averages on a game-by-game basis.

**PHILADELPHIA (UPI)**—Former President **Richard M. Nixon** is sending Ronald Reagan campaign memos on tactics and issues, a Reagan spokesman said Tuesday.

Press Secretary **Lyn Nofziger** said "there's no pattern" to the memos—they go to himself, campaign strategist **Bill Timmons** and Reagan.

Asked if he reads Nixon's memos, Nofziger replied: "You'd be a fool not to. He's a great man."

**LAUSANNE, Switzerland**—Police clashed with young demonstrators demanding independent "alternative culture" centers in the Swiss cities of **Zurich** and **Lausanne** on Saturday night, and made 42 arrests in Lausanne after a street battle.

In Zurich, police reported a plainclothes inspector was thrown into a river.

**PERTH, Australia (UPI)**—Unions in Australia on Wednesday decided to impose sanctions against companies that are drilling for oil on ground aborigines say is inhabited by their lizard god, the Great Goanna.

The Australian Council of Trade Unions, during an executive meeting in Melbourne, said sanctions would include work stoppages directed against the American-owned **Amax Co.**, the oil exploration company.

The aborigines, who pleaded their case before a U.N. commission in Geneva last week, believe the drilling will disturb Goanna. They fear he will then become angry and order his real-life counterparts—six-foot-long lizards, which are a major food source for the tribe—to stop mating, eventually causing a shortage of meat.

**WASHINGTON (AP)**—There were 616 bombings in the first six months of 1980, a 4% increase over the first half of 1979, FBI Director **William H. Webster** said Wednesday.

## Two Get Year in Jail for Burning U.S. Flag

**ATLANTA (AP)**—Two persons, one an Iranian, have been sentenced to a year in jail for burning an American flag in a demonstration here last November.

A diver testing effects of cooling water discharge from the **San Onofre** nuclear power plant on marine life died Wednesday while collecting samples on the ocean floor, U.S. Coast Guard officials said.

## U.S. FORCES:



The number of people applying for 75 jobs at the Social Security Administration in Baltimore has reached 23,755 since applicants began to form lines earlier in the week. The agency said it would hold a lottery to select 225 people to interview for the positions. The jobs pay a minimum of \$7,210 a year and do not begin until January.

# interview with the NUTRONZ

Well, as I've been saying, punk isn't dead and the Nutronz are SD's prime example of its existence. Whether you like it or not, it lives and breathes hotter and nastier than ever, and there's no putting it or the Nutronz into the closet now. Their songs are truly controversial but whether their sentiments are genuinely sincere or are more a result of momentary emotional reaction/inspiration is yet to be seen. Whether you can agree with their positions on sex or the boat-people, there's no denying that these guys kick-it-out harder and faster than any band in town at the time of this writing. George Nutron is the vocalist and though he may be one cute bear, you'll never find him looking like a woman, unlike David Lee Roth, photo-time or otherwise. Chris plays lead-guitar like Eddy Van Halen tries to (I swear to God!). Eric plays bass and Ted keeps the beat on the skins. The interview took place at the house of guitarist, Dave Astor, also of the Standbys. Sorry if I couldn't always tell who was saying what.

Q Why or where did you get the name Nutronz?

George - Me and Chris thought of it one night when we were kind of smashed, when we first got together.

Chris - I think we used it because we didn't like the name. It was just different, at least at the time.

Q How'd your last gig at the Spirit Club go?

Chris - It could've been better. It was good but the people were kind of ugh, mmm, pickin' their noses.

Q How many people showed up? Chris - Quite a few.

Dave - About 200. A good crowd for a Wednesday night.

Q Could people dance? Did they move tables out? \* - Yeah.

Dave - There was one small incident awhile back where a table got knocked over so we were black-listed from the place for about a week.

Ted - We were 'too loud.' Chris - Every place we play 'we're 'too loud'.

Especially the Blind Center where the police came in and made us stop.

Q Why do the Nutronz have such a bad reputation in San Diego?

Chris - 'Cause we're so fucking amazing, probably. \* Ha Ha Ha!

Eric - Every gig we have, there's always trouble. Fights, y'know.

Dave - Every show. Chris - Our first show, we saw the PA man get the shit knocked out of him. right before our eyes.

Eric - And people tend to blame it on us.

Q So, how much responsibility should a group take for its audience's behavior?

\* - None. Chris - We're there to play. If they enjoy it, fine. What ever they do, we want reaction.

Dave - We'd rather have em jumpin' round, fighting, whatever instead of em walking out or standing 'round' going 'huh?'. Chris - I want my money back!

Q But don't you think the audience reflects the sensibilities of the groups' music and lyrics?

Eric - Yeah, like if we went out and played something weird like Yes, people aren't going to go out and fight. Dave - The songs we write like

"Fighting Boys" and "Modern Day Heroes", which is like about killers.....

Q So it's there anyways.... Dave - And there's nothing you can do about it.

But we try to control it, like our last Lions Club show, we brought in 4 people as security up-front and it was great. And still the PA man said "I ain't taking no more of this shit". He broke down his equipment



and split. Eric - Even though nothing happened. He blew a fuse and he panicked. Chris - What it was was that he just didn't know how to run his equipment. and he broke under pressure. And he had bad breath!

Dave - And Private Sector didn't get to play, either.

% So you guys are on their shit-list probably. \* - Probably

Dave - It was too bad. I really feel bad about that.

% How long has this band been together? \* About 3 or 4 months.

% How many originals do you have between you? \* About 12 to 15.

% Who are your major influences? Chris - God. Adolf Hitler.

Dave - Tom Metzger. I like him. Chris - I do too. Dave - I'm nuts about him! (!X@!!+?...ed.) Chris - The New York Dolls, a lot.

% Your material seems to possess a mix of standard-type punk and some stuff which swings, or shall we say 'rols' a little more. How would you describe the 2 approaches or is it all the same?

Chris - Is that a sexual question? % No, that's later.

Chris - One is just a little more musical. Dave - We got lucky.

Eric - It's all catch as catch can... Chris - And since we're all basically new to each other, writing songs, well, it's getting easier. We're learning each other's capabilities and what we can get out of each other.

% Who writes your songs? Eric - Dave and Chris write the music....

Chris - And George writes the dirty words. Ted - Lots of F words.

% When are the Nutrons going to release some vinyl?

Dave - We're under a verbal contract with World Records so whenever they get their studio done. That'll be in about 2 months. So when that's done, we'll go in and do a demo, then maybe an e.p. if we get a contract.

% Do you guys consider yourself as a political band?

Ted - Everything is political. \* Thank you professor.

% Say something political. Dave - Tippecanoe and Tyler too.

Chris - Democrats. Dave - I don't know. I'm not gonna vote.

Chris - Neither am I cause there's no one to vote for from the Nazi Party.

Dave - I don't think there's anything overly political about our lyrics.

Ted - Everything can have its own political interpretations.

Chris - Do you mean, do we make it political?

% Do you have a conscious motivation to be subversive or pro-establishment or anything in between?

Chris - Um, it depends on what we feel like.

% Are these leanings racist, non-racist.....

Chris - Okay yeah, we do because all the gooks and boat-people, y' know. We wrote "Sink The Boat-People" so it depends.

Eric - We probably lean towards the subversive because when you look at the whole of rock-and-roll, we're definitely not in the mainstream.

% So you would consider yourself subversive on a musical level but more or less white-supremacists on a basic political level.

Eric - Not consciously. We write songs about what we're mad about. So if we happen to be mad about the boat-people one night, we'll write about it. We write about what we're feeling.

Chris - We write a lot about sex.

Eric - If that's what comes out, then that's we were feeling but I don't think we consciously make attempts to be pro-white or anything.

% Kiss were on 'Kids Are People Too' (TV show) this morning with their new drummer. Why is rock music in America today so misinterpreted, or shall we say, misrepresented?

Chris - When you come down to it, everything is. There's the commercial side and there's the true side. I don't know what more I could say. Why does DFX2 and those guys get to open for bands and stuff when we're around and when..... Dave - And we beat our asses for these jobs!

Chris - We do. And like these other guys must be performing some strange exactly

sexual acts that I'll leave unmentioned. Cough.

Ted - It's a little depressing when all these good shows come to town and it's like like where are all these other good bands in San Diego getting reamed?

Chris - Not that we're gods or anything but shit, there's people out there who want to see us.

Eric - Like the X show, we wanted to do that but the promoters don't know that like DFX2 is okay for a pop show at the Spirit but when it comes to X playing at the Roxy, you don't put the Snails and DFX2 out there to open it. because it's not their crowd.

Chris - I mean I don't think we would've got pelted with veggies and snails if we played.

% I don't think so either. How do you guys, being rather active members of the audience yourselves, react to audiences pelting or spitting on bands while they're onstage? Can that be considered as just part of what comes along with the whole thing of being a group?

\* Exactly.

Chris - If you can't cut the mustard, don't play with the mayonnaise. That's a George-joke.

Eric - That's what we want: Mass hysteria.

Chris - Reaction

Eric - We wouldn't want it where everyone was just sitting around looking at us.

George - (finally... ed.) I'd rather have something like the first night we played, it was like of viles of champagne opening up, going: VBLOOSH. You know it was mm, fun.

Dave - I don't wanna say we're the only ones doing it but everybody else has turned into a mainstream Fluke Four-Eyes....

Chris - Puss band.

Dave - ... and that's good for them because they're making money at it. Like right now we can't play anyplace. Herreras giving us another shot at the Spirit, making sure nothing gets knocked over and all that.

Chris - Every promoter and jerk out there thinks we are like a friggin demolition team.

Dave - I talked to Tony Kampman trying to get one of those jobs the night after a gig where Chris broke his guitar and he said "Aren't you the guys that break guitars?" Don't people get beat-up at your shows? He got the word so quick I'm convinced that there's some kind of small underground network. I don't know if we're blacklisted or what.

% Tell me some things worth getting hysterical about.

George - Having them tell us to turn down. You know, you're enjoying yourself and everybody else likes it loud, you can't....

Chris - You get some jerk who comes up 'Aw, it's too loud Uhh!!!'

Eric - It's not worth anything when you got some guy telling you how to play.

Ted - It just goes with the music. It was meant to be played loud.

Dave - You've gotta have fuzz-tones and shit. Ha Ha.

Chris - You don't get the same effect unless the sound is like punching you in the chest. Our music is very aggressive. Our music just says 'Hey! I want some fuckin attention!'

% Any last requests?

Chris - I just wish people would get behind us. We don't have anything against these bands, DFX2, Snails, but they're getting jobs we should be doing. I'm getting tired of this shit.

Eric - DFX2 and Snails shouldn't be playing to X crowds.

Chris - It's like putting the Osmonds in front of the Sex Pistols.

% Last word.

Eric - Last thing I'd like to say is about Led Zeppelin:

One down, three to go.

% (Agreed..... ed.)

\* With that said, I feel it's necessary to say these last few things: 1) Nutrons is spelled with an s — not a z (sorry guys); 2) it is probably the case that you spell George as such: Jorge (if that be the case -- sorry Horhay); 3) thank Godness that there's no one to vote for from the American Nazi Party; 4) Metzger and his KKK are a sorry bunch; 5) No one rocks San Diego like the Nutrons.



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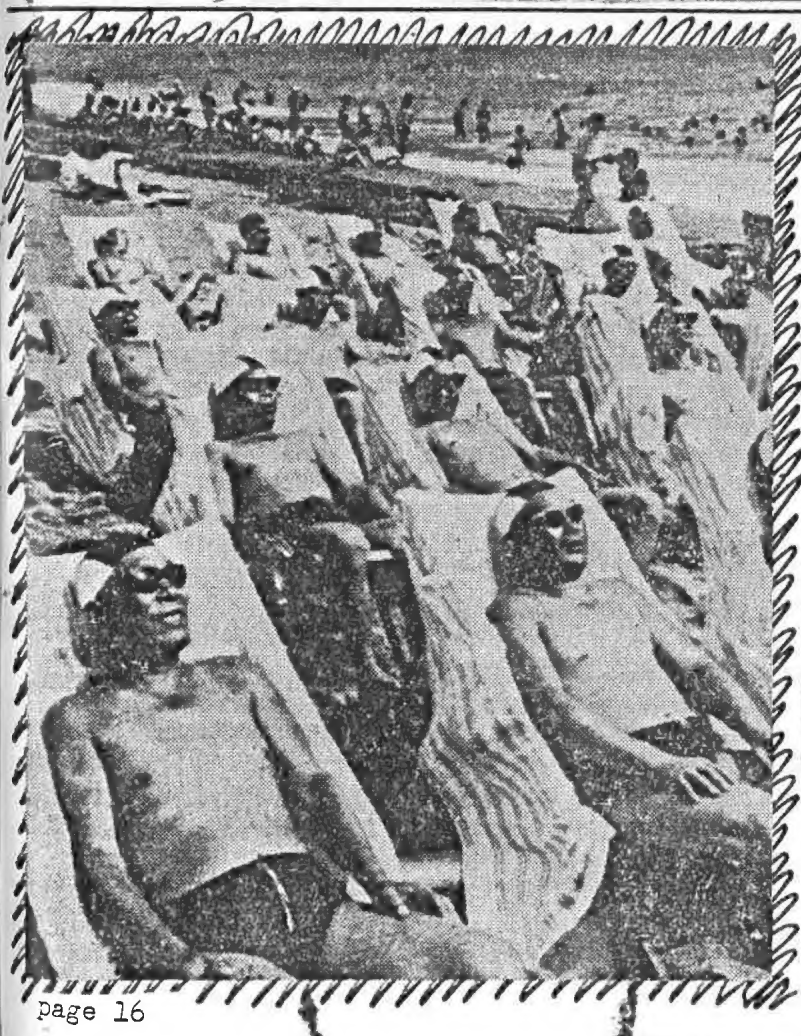
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well, the folks at Razz-Ma-Tazz can't seem to get their ad in on time, so you get an extra 1/2 page of my mind. 1/2 (=1/4) of which i've alloted to this cool photo of some chinese vacationing on the beach. they weren't allowed to do that a few years ago. we have a new contributing writer named PETER CLAFSON who used to write for trouser press. he was trying to start a local zine 2 years ago called HEY BULLDOG which i was to work for (or hoping to at least but never got off the ground. now he's working for me and for nothing. welcome, peter. thank you marc rude for the use of your germs, sid vicious, cockney rejects, and stiff little fingers lps reviewed this ish. uxa, angelic upstarts, and doa reviews coming next month along with reviews of spruce bringsteen's new album, talking heads, psychedelic furs, and other shit. +more. oh yes, about kgb's bt: he says j.m. has done more for new music in sd than any 3 people combined. sorry jim, i didnt realize. also sez he can't play more newave til we buy more newave records. like people wer rilly buyin millions of ac/dc, vh, heart, benatar albums before the radio started playn em. suck shit bruce. he sez his show is not 1 big tape. i sez it might as well be. and d'you know what else? our voice means nothing as one can see in bt's nothing-less-than-scandalous attempts to get us to write in lists of great oldies so he can play 1 each week.PAIN!!! cc.

## SINGLES/SINGLES/SINGLES/SINGLES/SINGLES/SINGLES

The Jam: "Start!" b/w "Liza Radley"

Diverting, at least. "Start!", the Jam's second post-SETTING SONS 45, is the Beatles' "Taxman" in riff and guitar-solo. Paul Weller grunts "what you give is what you get", producer Vic Coppersmith-Heaven and the band get a nice, spartan sound and the tune (previewed on Fridays some weeks back) is certainly pleasant enough. Good picture-sleeve, too. Sad to say, though, that the Jam gets an F for originality, this being the third time they've plundered the REVOLVER Harrisongs ("To Be Someone" and "Dreams Of Children" being the other nicks). Not surprising, as the band tends to tread water on its between-album singles, but disappointing nonetheless. "Liza Radley", politely Kinky and acoustic, is the better of the two songs. PETER OLAFSON.

XTC: "Generals And Majors" + "Don't Lose Your Temper" b/w "Smokeless Zone" + "Somnambulist" The stuff on this ep isn't too different from XTC's previous material, but it's still great tunes and it's better than anything you'll probably hear on your FM dial. "Temper" is a great herky-jerky (that's funny, P.O. uses the same adjective to describe the same...ed.) dance-number; "Generals" is a nice tune from the forth-coming BLACK SEA lp (watch for it!) and "Smokeless Zone" has a pleasantly weird rhythm-track but is a bit repititious. On "Somnambulist" (previously released on the US "Ten Feet Tall" 45), Andy Partridge makes a wonderful voyage into the world of Brian Eno (those two should do an Ambient lp). Get this while you're waiting. xxxxxP.K.xxxxx

The Stroke Band (w/ Bruce Joyner): "Rat Race" b/w "Don't Get Angry"

This disc was put out by a band BJ (leader of the ever-excellent Unknowns) led back in Georgia. "Rat Race", which is still performed by the Unknowns, is a great tune sung in Bruce's happily paranoid fashion. Makes me wonder what the Talking Heads would've been like if they were from Georgia. "Don't Get Angry" is OK but rather trivial next to such great Unknowns numbers as "Teen-age Crush", "Crime Wave", and "The Bounce". The Unknowns don't play "Angry" which is just as well. In other words, I can't wait for a real Unknowns record. xxxPaul Kaufmanxxx

Cockney Rejects: "We Can Do Anything" b/w "15 Nights"

The Rejects score heavily with this single. The A-side is pure punk energy with a hook so damn vicious, you know it's got purpose. It's enough to bowl you over, sweep me off my feet, and wake up John Bonham in one fell swoop. And there ain't a lot of songs I can say that about. C.C.

The Lambrettas: "Another Day (Another Girl)" b/w "Steppin' Out (Of Line)" + "D-a-a-ance" b/w "(Can't You) Feel The Beat"

This otherwise spiffy Mod band is painfully inconsistent. "Go Steady" was an enjoyably poppy debut but the follow-up, a ska-"Poison Ivy", smelled on ice. "D-a-a-ance", however, is a ringing popper hampered only by a curious imbalance of simple song and lavish production. "Another Day" is, well, another song, OK but ill-suited to single-status.

PETER OLAFSON

The Spectres: "This Strange Effect" b/w "Getting Away With Murder"

New-wave superstars Glenn Matlock (Sex Pistols, Rich Kids, Iggy Pop) and Danny Kustow (Tom Robinson Band) attempt odd version of ultra-obscure Kinks song only released on a fan-club flexi-disc. Saxophone, onfocused production, and a sluggish mix diffuse much of the original's cool loveliness.

PETER OLAFSON

Protex: "A Place In Your Heart" b/w "Jeepster" Terrific little Irish pop-band which excels at jaunty rock songs. "Place" charges along merrily and "Jeepster" is a credible cover of the Marc Bolan song. Their album should be along shortly (mixing problems have held it up) and you can taste a handful of good single sides on a US sampler. Don't pass this up. Though it may not be Protex's best, it's good by most any standard.

PETER OLAFSON

The Chords: "The British Way Of Life" b/w "The Way It's Got To Be"

Mods who seem to have lost it. The Chords, on their fourth single, thrash with much energy and little aim, and while this Who-ish exercise contains much of the group's natural ebulliance, it lacks the kinetic drive of the earlier "Maybe Tomorrow" and "Something's Missing".

PETER OLAFSON

Gang Of Four: "Outside The Trains Don't Run On Time" b/w "He'd Send In The Army"

This is one of the best import 45s of the year, and since neither cut is on their ENTERTAINMENT lp, you know that your \$2.50 will be well spent. The A-side is my fave GOF number to date, mixing a wonderfully rhythmic atonality with a stark, driving melody. Hell, why am I using all these silly adjectives to describe this for you? If you have ever been the least bit curious about these guys, pick this up. And if you're not curious about them (not curious about the Gang Of Four? Never heard of such....ed.), you'll probably enjoy your Lawrence Welk lps for a few more spins, right? xxxPKxxx



Red Crayola: "Wives In Orbit" b/w "Yik Yak"  
This isn't new (1978 to be exact) but it's intriguing enough to deserve my belated ravings. "Wives" is a wonderfully weird dance number, and despite the humorous title, I get the feeling that these guys are dead serious -- as opposed to the obvious silliness of something like "Rock Lobster" (which I like, also). "Yik Yak" is amazing, like one of those long "progressive" numbers, you know, with 5 or 6 different tunes linked together with precision drumming all over the place. But instead of being dull and pretentious like most of that stuff, it is haunting, forcing you to listen to it. "It's not just entertainment, it's not just good fun", say the lyrics. And they're not kidding. xPKx

Go-Go's: "We Got The Beat" b/w "How Much More"

These damsels are spunky for sure. And though these songs are more fun than a chewing-gum commercial, they also possess a certain feistiness which a Benatar dare not even attempt to emulate. "We Got The Beat" is total upbeat and tight, yet one never senses any strain on these girls' parts. There's no doubt about it, the Go-Go's have got the beat and much more. I get the feeling their next offering will reveal tricks of even a more remarkable sort. Watch out. C.C.

Joy Division: "Love Will Tear Us Apart" b/w "These Days"

This single just tears me apart. No kidding, "Love" is probably the most hauntingly romantic piece I've ever heard by Joy Division and probably their most accessible track ever. And there's two versions of the song on this disc. Though the lyrical contents reveal no good reason for Ian Curtis to continue living, he at least seems to shrug the gloom off with a momentary smile, if not just a plastic one to allow you to keep being so very happy. "These Days" is more of a rocker and it wields one hell of a subliminally seductive guitar-riff, way in the background somewhere, which is simply fiendish in effect. This stuff must be heard to be appreciated, which means it must be heard. C.C.

Buzzcocks: "Are Everything" b/w "Why She's A Girl From A Chainstore"

This is a nifty little 45 with a nifty little price, definitely worth getting. The A-side is wonderful (OK, that's it! You're on restriction from the word for the next 2 issues...ed), the best rip-off of "Windy" in quite some time. The B-side is a reasonably excellent dance-tune, too. I just wish these guys would play in 3D, instead of avoiding us like the great likes of the Jam, PIL, Stiff Little Fingers, Specials, Selector.... xPaul Kaufmanx

The Clash: "Bankrobber" b/w "Ull-day"

The Clash apparently have decided it is easier to reggae than to rock and here gargle helplessly about felons who "love to steal your money". Talk about irony! The flip's more of the same, only longer and duller. If you liked the two dub-versions of "Armageddon Time" on the 12-inch LONDON CALLING, you'll wet your drawers over this platter. CBS reportedly didn't even want to release it ("uncommercial") and the songs originally came out only in Holland on the flip of the superlative "Train In Vain". But the Clash insisted, so.... If this is "complete control", who needs it? PETER OLAFSON.

The Clash: "Bankrobber" b/w "Rockers' Galore"

Well, it looks like the title "The Only Band That Matters" is up for grabs. Both of these tracks are lukewarm reggae-tunes that are pleasant at first but become dull after you hear them twice (and the farting synthesizer bits don't help either). Besides, where does the Clash get-off being 'pleasant' in the first place? They shouldn't try to blindly imitate their earlier classics (I think the LONDON CALLING lp got a bum rap from most; just because it's polished doesn't mean it's not powerful), but if they've got nothing left to say -- well mates, maybe it's time to pack it in. Let's just hope that this is a temporary lull in an otherwise brilliant career. \*Note: Rumor has it that the Clash will issue a fourth lp, and maybe an ep, after which Joe Strummer will leave the band. And so another good thing comes to an end... (Not yet it hasn't...ed.) xxxPaul Kaufmanxxx

Four Eyes: "Penny Pong" b/w "Disengaged"

Remember back in 77 when the whole purpose of this musical movement was to end all that was boring and unoriginal in music? Well, here it is, 1980, and a lot of the bands that are supposedly part of this movement are just as bad as the stuff on your favorite Top-40 mechanized-deejay radio-station. Case in point: Four Eyes. The words boring and unoriginal describe this local band's music perfectly. The A-side is a weak, repetitive Joe Jackson rip-off, and the B-side is one of the wimpiest pop/schlock/sort-a-rock numbers I've heard in quite awhile. Avoid it. xP.K.x

...(now my turn...ed) Madness, Gang Of Four, Bush Tetras, Psychedelic Furs, Split Enz, (even) Bruce Springsteen, Talking Heads (80 Tour), and who knows how many other great punk and new-wave bands have come to Los Angeles and yet wouldn't bother to visit San Diego. After all, isn't this the city where Pere Ubu only sold 26 tickets during two shows! Hey Paul, but don't fret son, at least the Stranglers are coming down this way. Oh yeah, you're too young. So close and yet so far away. C.C.

ANGELIC UPSTARTS  
Linton Kwesi Johnson  
PeRe Ubu  
CLASH  
joy division  
NINA HAGEN  
WIRE  
members  
IGGY POP  
Bob Marley and the Wailers  
Sex pistols  
The Jam  
GANG OF FOUR  
LOU REED  
peter gabriel  
TALKING HEADS  
Elvis Costello and the Attractions  
Pylon  
graham parker and the rumour  
FEELIES  
MC5  
GENTLE GIANT  
POLICE  
who  
IAN DURY  
Damned  
undertones  
B-52s  
MAGAZINE  
THE CURE  
Cockney Rejects  
Flesh Eaters  
SPECIALS  
STRANGERS  
DEAD KENNEDYS  
JOHN CALES  
GENESIS  
BOWIE  
RESIDENTS  
the SLITS  
burning spear  
GO-GOS  
Patti Smith  
public image  
TELEVISION  
Madness  
Robert Fripp  
BLACK FLAG

